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HON. J. E. O'HARA, M. C.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

HON. J. E. O'HARA,

OUR SOLE REPRESENTATIVE!

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS IN WASHINGTON HONOR HIM WITH A BANQUET. ELOQUENT SPEECHES.

Hon. James E. O'Hara, representative in the 47th Congress from the second congressional district of North Carolina and the only colored member in both branches of Congress, was tendered a dinner by the colored North Carolinians resident here, at the residence of Mr. John W. Gray, 1412 17th-street, last Saturday evening.

Covers were laid for twenty-two. The table was most tastefully decorated with the choicest of exotics. The dinner was served in that fine style of which Mr. Gray is *facile princeps* among the many caterers of our city.

Mr. A. K. Brodie presided, with Hon. J. E. O'Hara, the honored guest, on his right, and "the old man eloquent," Hon. Frederick Douglass on his left. Opposite Mr. Brodie sat O. Hunter, jr., who was chairman of the committee of arrangements, with Register Bruce on his right and Prof. R. T. Greener to his left. After the usual preliminaries, the assembled party most vigorously discussed the fallowing

MENU.

Oysters on shell—Hock.

SOUP.

Consomme a la royale—Sherry.

FISH.

Black bass a la chambord—Sauterne.

RELEVE.

Filet of beef with mushrooms—Sherry.

ENTREES.

Lamb chops tomato
Cutlets of partridge—French peas,
Chicken salad a la Mayonnaise—Claret.

VEGETABLES.

Cauliflower, cream sauce—Burgundy.

ROTI.

Canvas-back duck currant jelly sauce.
Lettuce salad—Champagne.

ENTREMETS.

Charlotte and jelly, Harliquan, assorted cake.

FRUIT.

Oranges, bananas, grapes.
Cheese, crackers, coffee.

During the progress of the dinner, although the conversation embraced a variety of topics, the brilliancy of which outrivalled the sparkling qualities of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, which flowed in profusion.

This feast of reason and flow of soul went on without cessation, until at length Mr. A. K. Brodie rose, and after attention had been secured, proposed the health of their honored guest as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—I take great pleasure in announcing that the object of this banquet is to show to the Hon. James E. O'Hara, a member of Congress from the second congressional district of North Carolina *our* appreciation of him as well as the high esteem in which he is held by the colored people in the state.

Representing as we do the several sections, I think it can be safely said that each district is represented here to-night, and I am sure we are all glad to be enabled to express to him our appreciation of his worth and position.

To-day he appears upon the record as a member of Congress from the second congressional district of North Carolina, representing but one section of country, one district, but as he is the only colored representative in the halls of congress, we as a people call him our representative.

We have no fear as to his course. We feel assured that in him we have a man who will compare favorably with our former representatives; a man that has the energy, force, and moral courage to fight our battles.

We have with us to-night besides our honored guest, other gentlemen whose names and actions are as familiar as household words; especially one, who, in the darkest days had the courage and manliness to be one of the few to dare strike a blow for freedom, who all along has watched our course as a parent would a child, whose heart has been sore and sad, *many, many times*, on account of our condition, but to-night I am sure he feels glad and takes great pleasure in joining with the other gentlemen present to do honor to this occasion.

Then, Mr. O'Hara, as North Carolinians and friends, we take this means of showing to you, that in all your laudable undertakings we will ever be proud of you, and I trust that the presence of these gentlemen here to-night may be considered a guarantee sufficient for all that I have said.

Mr. O'Hara briefly responded, acknowledging in fitting terms the high compliment paid him, and expressing the wish that his course in his new sphere of duties would prove to the best interests of the Negro and the people of the United States.

Mr. Douglass was then introduced. He expressed his extreme pleasure to unite with those assembled to do honor to the honored guest, the only colored man in the Congress of the United States. He had long admired his ability. There was a growing disposition to pay homage to any who distinguished themselves by service in our common cause. There are influences that operated against making colored men prominent. Nevertheless he yet hoped to see the day when they would be as loyal to their public men as Kentucky was to Clay, Massachusetts to Webster, South Carolina to Calhoun; then they would be able to do something above the establishment of a laundry.

Hon. B. K. Bruce was next introduced. He referred to the part we have played in this country; we had at one time seven members of congress and one senator. To-day, the guest of the evening was the sole congressional representative. No bed of roses was his. Our people are exacting, sometimes unreasoning, especially when called to pass upon the work of their representatives. Some may envy Mr. O'Hara, but we can support and sustain him in the great work in which he is engaged—especially as to the Freedmen's Bank, for the losses from which the government was responsible.

Prof. R. T. Greener being then introduced, referred to his earliest impressions of the people of North Carolina; to Edmund Walker, a native of the Old North State, who had written the first book to awaken the American people to their sense of duty on the slavery question; to their excellent mechanics all over the north. He congratulated her sons in their good fortune in having Mr. O'Hara in Congress—a gentleman, who, when the occasion comes, would be found fully equipped to stand and sustain himself and those whom he represented. No one of the colored representatives ever elected had in public station disgraced his race either in speech or act, public or private, or so far forgot himself as to cast dishonor on his race. He believed there was no force that could keep the Negro down, judging from the best tests of progress which the Negro-American had successfully answered.

At the conclusion of Prof. Greener's remarks, which were greeted, as had been the others, with hearty applause, the toasts were announced in the following order:

Our Militia—responded to by Captain A. B. Lynd. He remarked that he was proud to say that North Carolina was the first in war and the first in peace. He reviewed the militia legislation of the state, stated how the superiority of the colored militia was acknowledged, concluding by stating that if he had 10,000 such men as were in his old company he could rid the south of all her bulldozers.

Our Political Status—by Mr. Camper. He referred to the progress of the liberal cause in his state, and expressed the hope that she would yet be redeemed from the pernicious influence of Democracy.

Our Civil Rights—by Mr. G. C. Scurlock. He said that we had good cause to be alarmed by recent events; but eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The time has come when we should adopt some means to secure the full measure of our rights. We must strike for our rights; we must show that we know them, and knowing, dare defend. Some may advocate independence of the republican party; for one he would "go slow" on such a policy. He would exhort to an intelligent use of the ballot In order to force recognition. Then, if the Republican party fails to secure the ends, let us make a party that will; continue agitation.

Trades vs. Professions—by Mr. A. A. Owen, who said that nearly every young man is confronted upon the threshhold of life with the inquiry, which? He expressed in eloquent terms his convictions in favor of the acquisition of a trade.

Our Ladies—by Mr. Frank T. Hyman. Mr. Hyman, after a felicitous introduction, paid woman a glowing tribute, concluding thus:

These guiding stars must, in order to serve this end, bear the test of virtue, nobleness of mind, purity of intentions, and sincerity of love for those with whom they tread, step by step, along the walk of life.

With such a light to guide us, we are sure to steer clear of all crags, and move along over the sea of time without scarcely a ripple—for serenely in virgin modesty she shines.

Watch, if you will, the lad and his lass, the boy and his lover, the *young* man and his affiance, the *full grown* man and his wife—mark, if you please, the successive stages and walks of their lives, until old age and gray locks overshadow their brow, and you will *then* find lingering around the hallowed and happy precincts of their homes the magical and heavenly influence of woman. View her as she stands, and moves bedecked with fine feathers and diamonds amid the gayeties of life—reverse the scene. Gaze at her arrayed in rags, look at her poverty and her troubles, and you will in either case, if she is a true type of woman, find patience, love, meekness and hope beaming in her countenance, with such effect as can only be equaled by that monstrous power which has only a few hours hid itself behind the horizon.

He then referred to the occasion as follows:

I am indeed pleased to look upon this picture to-night. Here sits the Hon. Frederick Douglass, the greatest Roman of them all. Near him is the Hon. B. K. Bruce, ex-Senator and Register of the United States Treasury, whose autograph is necessary to give value to a dollar. To add to this picture it is only necessary to call a name, Prof. Richard T. Greener, who, by his scholarly bearing, oratory, and beautiful flow of language, succeeds at all times to take his hearers by storm, for he speaks as wise men have spoken. To complete this picture, I take much pride in naming the man, in whose honor we are assembled.—the Hon. James E. O'Hara, of North Carolina.

I advanced to the ballot box in November, 1882, holding in my hand tickets comprising state, county, and town. The first one I held up (which was my maiden vote) was deposited for the Hon. James E. O'Hara to represent North Carolina from the second district and for this I am indeed proud. He's the only man in congress to hold and wave our banner in defence of our cause. May he continue to hold his seat, as he is a man who dares to do right, and fight to obtain all to which his race is entitled! I am confident that his honesty, his ability and his love for his race will carve for him a name, a life and a history of which we, our country, and coming generations will be proud.

Our Material Development—by Mr. O. Hunter, jr. Mr. Hunter acknowledged the compliment and said his introduction would require at least forty minutes, and owing to the lateness of the hour he would not make the attempt.

Mr. W. R. Davis, who is a native of the state, next gave as a recitation, the soliloquy in Richard the Third, after the dialogue between Gloster, Buckingham and Catesby. With a form both lithe and beautiful, with attitudes and gestures showing careful training, he rendered this in a style that would have awakened plaudits from Ira Aldridge himself, had his autograph lithograph, which was on a mantel within Mr. Davis' reach, been endowed with animation.

Music—by Mr. J. Booker Hutchins, whose rich baritone swelled to ascriptions to the muse he so assiduously woos.

Oratory—by Mr. W. H. Outlaw, who said:

Oratory is the most powerful means of man's individual influence over his fellows. It is the very highest development of speech. It proceeds from the soul of the speaker and addresses itself in turn to the entire souls of the hearers. Embracing diction, reasoning and delivery, oratory requires complete self-control; and a knowledge of human nature and acquaintance with the feelings of the audience addressed are always conducive to the success of an orator. Oratory has always had a place among the aspirations and pursuits of men. Even before the knowledge of letters barbarous chiefs found it necessary to avail themselves of the powers of those who could speak most affectively.

Like all other branches of human excellence, this power is based largely on natural gifts, but is most perfect when cultivation and discipline are added. There must be some natural capacity; and indeed there are instances in which it would appear that certain individuals were almost born orators. But the cases which have excited the most attention and acquired the most enduring fame are those in which men have devoted themselves studiously to the pursuit of oratory.

Oratory has been of value mainly in enlightening the minds of the masses, or appealing to them in the interests of some measure for the common good. How often has the rage of a dangerous populace been quieted and the salvation of an empire effected by the timely intervention of a single man,—an orator. Humanity can afford no grander spectacle than a man with exalted principles and advanced ideas lifting his fellows upon his own plane, or asserting the rights of the oppressed with the forces, reason and oratory.

Let us see briefly whether the colored man in this country has displayed any oratorical ability, and whether by means of it he can accomplish anything for himself. As to natural capacity it is generally admitted that in oratory as in music nature has made him a special favorite. His opportunities for cultivation have not been equal to those of other races, for slavery has impeded his advancement in this as in every other department of human endeavor. But numerous and noted instances attest his ability. The name of Frederick Douglass will be as lasting as the history of the United States, because, in spite of fate, he became a power in the world and an orator at whose feet the greatest orators of the age might sit and learn. And our guest to-night whom we fete in honor of his success and position has won them no less by his oratory than by his legal learning. As a politician his eloquence has resounded through the "Old North State" until he was heard, recognized and honored. To-day he alone of the colored race sits in the national council and deliberates on the public weal. We know his voice will command the ear of the nation as it has commanded that of the state.

These are ample proofs that the colored man has oratorical ability. And the time has come when this ability is valuable to him. The age is rapidly approaching when physical force, that ancient arbiter of human disputes, shall be resorted to less frequently and shall be superseded in part by reason assisted by oratory. The world is therefore becoming more willing to hear the man who can present his cause with the most grabe and force of language. The colored man has grievances to present, countless wrongs to be redressed and a place to win and maintain in the American nation. His voice is needed in conventions, in the halls of congress, and before the bar so relentless. These are emergencies now,—the world will hear him,—let him speak.

Education—This was responded to by Mr. H. C. Tyson, late teacher in the Fayetteville Normal School, who said:

An education includes the whole course of training, moral intellectual and physical. Intelligence is the moving principle of human action, and the intelligent mind is a jewel which rules the universe. The more it is rubbed, the brighter it shines. It is the light of the world and the salt of the earth. It is the plant, the bud, the flower, the fruit and the *life* of enjoyment. It is the key that unlocks the door of the elevated plain upon which the good, the wise and the noble stand. It gave us the innumerable beauties of art with their God-like powers. It gave us the locomotive and furrowed our country with railroads through which the iron horse sweeps with such wonderful rapidity from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the warm gulf streams to the icy region of Maine—over mountains and plains, across the rivers and ravines, transporting and importing products for our comfort and welfare. It mapped the plan, and gave us vessels to plow our deep oceans, seas, gulfs and bays.. It caused our country to be sprinkled with beautiful thriving villages, towns and cities, and placed at our disposal the telegraph and the telephone system by which we can communicate with the world with lightning speed.

The gentleman in whose honor this banquet is given, Hon. James E. O'Hara, is one whose constituents have learned to love for his nobility and his extraordinary mental ability, for the skill he has shown as a practitioner, and for his unhesitating and sagacious defense when necessary to come to our rescue. We love him because he is a true man, an honest man and a just man, and we love him because he is a North Carolian representing us in the U. S. congress.

I cannot pass without paying a tribute of respect to the other distinguished gentlemen whom we have with us, for their wonderful mental ability, and for the bold, manly fights they have made and are making for the elevation of our people. We love them for so educating and preparing themselves for any emergency and for reaching the lofty position to which they have been elevated, where they are numbered with the educated, the pure, the brave and the noblest men of the age. May you go on your way in peace, your path, like the sun, waxing brighter and brighter till the perfect day.

North Carolinians have long since learned to love knowledge, and those who seek it. They have learned that the neglect to earnestly support such true leaders as we have with us, causes industry to be restrained, happiness to be blasted, and virtue to sicken and die.

Our Social Status—Mr. W. K. Price in responding, said he had not prepared a speech, and would not attempt to extemporize one. The work of improving society is being most effectively done by the press; especially by such papers as the New York *Globe* and THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Self Government—Simon Porcher in response, traced the political progress of the Negro since the date of emancipation, and predicted a glowing career for the Hon. James E. O'Hara in accomplishing for the peace and prosperity of the people, equal and exact protection to all classes of the people. He was confident that when this session of congress shall have passed and the people be called upon, the benediction would be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, as thou hast been faithful one term we will return you for another."

Our Country—Mr. B. J. Edwards rose and spoke as follows:

MR PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I should have been better pleased had the toast assigned me fallen into the hands of some of the distinguished speakers here present. So great a theme is worthy a Douglass, or the special guest of this occasion, the Hon. James E. O'Hara. Your humble servant feels lost in the magnitude of so great a subject. He therefore begs the indulgence of this intelligent company, to cover his faults with the charity of "good will"

In the grey dawn of time the proud white man was a cannibal, and as no more grave offense has ever been charged against us than that, all things become possible to us, even the securing of our rights as citizens in the face of a recent decision. While in slavery the wheel of fortune carried our race to the lowest depths of sorrow; we can but remember that it was "our country" that made us free, and that at each turn of the same wheel of fortune we rise higher, and yet higher, until the summit of human ambition is reached, side by side, by the proudest race of man, who has covered the earth with the ruins of his former greatness and is to-day filling it with marvels so wonderful that we can well understand that he was made in the likeness of a God. What part are we to take in this progress? I am a man of peace, and love peaceful methods, and while I believe in a manful assertion of our rights, still I would deprecate the staining of our hands in the blood of our brethren, white or black, to achieve them.

To the pursuit of knowledge in the highest forms can we look for that degree of happiness and prosperity, that, while softening prejudice dispels superstition and will assimilate us in due time, if we faint not, to the great body politic; the inseparable union of love and fraternity of our own loved country. Our country demands a representative in congress and elsewhere of our own race, whose reputation shall be as spotless as a star and whose private virtues shall be as pure as the driven snow. Who can better fill this than our guest of the evening, the Hon. James E. O'Hara, from the great state of North Carolina?

After the regrets of M. Wm. V. Turner at his inability to be present were expressed, the party sang "Our Country, 'tis of thee," and separated.

The club who tendered this dinner is organized as follows: A. K. Brodie, chairman; H. C. Tyson, secretary; W. H. Outlaw, treasurer: committee of arrangements: Osborne Hunter, jr., chairman; A. T. Jackson, A. K. Brodie, W. H. Outlaw and B. J. Edwards. The other members are Aaron A. Owen, J. B. Hyman, F. T. Hyman, W. V. Turner, J. B. Hutchins, Simon Pocher, R. R. Burnett, J. H. Camper, A. B. Lynd, W. K. Price, E. A. Thornton and George C. Scurlock.

Mr. Gray would receive a unanimous vote for the superb manner in which he had served the dinner. It was in sharp contrast to the affair given Recorder Douglass last year, and to that in honor of Mr. Fortune two weeks previously.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* estimates that there are now in that city 30,000 people who are forced to labor seven days in the week, and for whom there is no rest. This number is steadily increasing, and, if in the interesting of certain classes, the law is to be disregarded, the time will come when all days will be alike, and when there will be no rest for the people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Of all persons the laboring man is most interested in having a Sunday law, for the first result of doing away with Sunday as a day of rest will be to cause him to work seven days in the week for the same wages that he now gets for six. This is the case in Paris, where there is practically no Sunday, and there the laboring classes are petitioning the government for a Sunday law.

Wasted Energy.

THE AMERICAN TENDENCY TO OVERWORK AND OVERWORRY.

The Americans generally are without question the most nervous race in civilization. Their nervousness, using the word in its modern sense, is due to various causes, mainly, as we think, to their form of government, their everchanging circumstances, their strong sense of individual responsibility, their inborn anxiety, the extremes of their climate, and the highly electric condition of their atmosphere. It is usually repressed, particularly by the men; but is visible in the thin visage, the intense manner, the pale complexion, the wistful air that commonly denote the national stock. One of its misfortunes is a tendency to overdo, the employment of redundant mentality, a disproportion of means to end, a waste, in brief, of vital power. What the Americans need for their lustier health, their longer preservation, and their increased contentment, is conservatism of intellectual and nervous force.

We like to consider ourselves a great people, and we have cause for such belief. But we should be greater, certainly happier, if we would not continually overload our spiritual guns, and, besides killing our game, get hurt by the recoil. We use as much ammuition for the extinction of a plover as for bringing down a deer or a bear, and in actual battle, which is, with most of us the mere effort to live, we march further, fight harder, and empty our cartridge-boxes oftener than there is any need. The obstacles in our path, whether material or immaterial, are seldom so great or so many as we imagine; but we drive at them at such a rate as gives us a certain shock from our superfluous impetus.

We are far more prone to this dissipation of force in small than in great things, which, by the fact of their greatness, inspire a moderation and reserve that are ordinarily unheeded. Great things, indeed, are unusual, and will provide for themselves by the tranquilizing influence they exercise and the adequacy they are likely to lend to the occasion. But for little things, with which every day life abounds, there is no mental preparation, no pre-arrangement, no provision; consequently, the average American allows his intensity full sway in dealing with them, and expends his ounce of strength on a penny-weight of requirement.

Waste of nervous force is not confined to any age, condition, or calling here. It begins with the cradle, and ends only with the grave. Even our babies cry louder and longer than they need to for any effect they may wish to produce. They hold their breath, in their resolve to alarm their mothers, many more seconds than their burst of temper demands. When they break their toys, they break them altogether beyond the degree of demolition where repairment is possible. The child is father to the man. In a figurative sense, he cries louder, holds his breath longer, breaks his toys more energetically at and after maturity than the circumstances call for, and he seldom learns the fact.

In all walks of employment, in all departments of activity, the excess of endeavor continues, and slowly saps the sources of existence. The accountant [illegible] his cash-book and [illegible] seriously; the salesman makes his sales at too high a price to himself; the merchant pores too intently over his balance sheet; the banker worries at the neglected opportunity for profit; the lawyer overcharges his case; the physician frets about the patient he has lost by strict obedience to his theory of treatment; the clergyman regrets that last year's sermons were not different, the author laments the unripeness of a former publication. And all of this is waste, dead waste, and, in the long run, tells seriously upon the waster.

The Republic is a prodigal land. Nature and fortune have ordered it and its belongings on a big scale. It is so bounteously supplied, it has so many resources, that the disposition of its citizens may partake of its munificence involuntarily. They can scarcely believe themselves mortal; they are as careless of their health as of their money; they run to extremes in everything. If the present shows weakness, they lean on the future. If they are depleted in purse, or overcome with illness, they count it merely a mishap which no amount of prudence would have prevented, and depend upon new chances for restoration.

In the Old World they are apt to think a man must hold on to his possessions, whatever they may be; but in the New we can afford to expend physical and pecuniary substance; for what we have or have not to-day will be sure to come to-morrow. It is vain to advise them to go slow, to declare that they are burning the candle at both ends, that they are paying more than is due, that they may yet want what they throw away continually. When they would be glad to retrace their steps, to undo what has been, it is usually too late. And were it not too late, it is doubtful if they would be willing to consult prudence and follow wisdom.

American women are more reckless of health and strength than American men are. They are, as a rule, bundles of nerves which lie so near the surface as to be touched by every occurrence, and which are so sensitive as to vibrate to every emotion. Their waste of nervous force is painful to contemplate, for every student of humanity knows that it must be requited. Whether they talk or write, stay at home or travel, enjoy or suffer, they feel and show an intensity which is absurdly superfluous. They expend force enough in a day to last them a week; they make trifles momentous; they throb and thrill over insignificance. Always keyed up to concert pitch, they cannot be toned down without seeming to themselves insipid and commonplace.

Most of their feelings are raptures: their views are ever fervid and high-colored; they revel in superlatives and hunger for new ones; they soar in the zenith and cherish still loftier aspirations. Everything is possible to them but repose. Their streams swell into torrents; their warmth is a raging flame; their opinion is a passionate prejudice. The nervous force they waste in a daily round of uneventfulness might, if properly directed, win a battle. No wonder that nervous prostration is one of our most prolific diseases. It increases constantly, and its increment may in due time teach moderation. If our material resources are inexhaustible, our bodies and brains are not. Nature is giving us warning that we must moderate the headlong pace that ends early at the madhouse or the grave.—*New York Times.*

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THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

We are gratified to see that our contemporaries throughout the conntry are manifesting such zeal and, at the same time, such wise discretion in the discussion of the subject of presidential candidates. There is a disposition among colored politicians, and the col ored people generally, to move slowly and with great care in this matter. And in this regard they show a kind of sagacity which commands respect and is indicative of a development quite in harmony with the dignity of intelligent citizenship.

The colored people have hitherto shown too much unstudied zeal, too much enthusiasm when considering the claims of candidates for the presidency. They have allied themselves, soul and body, to certain favorites without positive assurances that said favorites would, if successful, pursue a line of policy which would effect an amelioration of the condition of the colored people in a political, material or an educational way. To-day we have advanced a step or two beyond this kind of blind support. We are enquiring who the candidates are, what their record and as to what conditions they will agree upon, effective of the procurement of our full civil and political rights. All this we demand as a condition precedent to our hearty support. We heartily agree with our contemporaries, and insist that the aspirant who seeks our support shall receive it upon the basis of his peculiar fitness for the effice, together with the assurances he may offer, looking to the interests of the colored people.

We want a man who is well known. We want him to be of that peculiar political stripe which will not change with every drift of factional flatus, who will respect the political strength of the colored people and award to them that patronage to which, according to the ordinary standards of business—the amount of their political usefulness—they are fairly entitled. We want him to be a candidate who will surely be elected. We want one who dares to speak against a traitor, and who will free the old flag from the stain of "states rights;" who will freely acknowledge the black soldier as the compeer and national brother of the white soldier and whose record has always been on the side of justice and humanity. Such a man the colored people want, and such they will strive hard to nominate and elect, not forgetting that, though the President may be nominated without the aid of colored votes, yet, without their devotion and loyalty, even the Solid North cannot be secured to elect him. Many of our contemporaries have named JOHN A. LOGAN as the man compassing all the necessary qualifications calculated to make a good president, and THE ADVOCATE emphatically insists that "Barkus is willin," and that we heartily join the general shout.

Mr. T. J. Minton's paper Tuesday night, entitled "A Great Orator," was an intellectual treat. After giving an analysis of orators and oratory, which he illustrated from the best classic and modern authorities, in which he deservedly gave high place to Frederick Douglass, he dwelt on the life, character and public services of Rev. Lemuel Haines, who was one of the finest orators of his time. He was born in 1753 and died in 1834. During his career as a minister, he was pastor of one congregation (white) for thirty years. His father was an unmixed Negro, and his mother a white woman.

A spirited discussion followed, the principal point being the moral and idtellectual qualifications of the orator, and whether his influence was on the wane. Want of spece forbids a detailed account of the after talk, which was participated in by Messrs. Lee Nance, G. M. Arnold, E. J. Waring, C. D. Johnson, W. Welborn, T. D. S. Berger, Tunnell, Mrs. Cary and Hon. J. H. Rainey.

Miss Emma Merritt speaks next Tuesday night on Temperance.

☞Read our Prize List.

NOISY CHURCHES.

BY ARGUS.

It would be profitable to our colored ministers if they would occasionly, say once in a year, permit a new man to occupy their pulpits while they stroll around and make observations touching the manner of worship among the whites. Of course, one of our godly ministers would hardly be guilty of taking a stroll during church hours; but I merely say that it would be profitable to him, *if* he did. Should he do so, he would find that the white folks are very quiet in the pulpit. He would find also that the congregations are generally quiet. And what is more, he would find that as the minister is in manner and the like just so will he find the members o' the church. If the minister is sour and has his face tied up in knots, with an expression on his countenance which seems to say, "I am not as other men are," we will find that such behavior has a marked effect on the members. But I do not desire to speak of the character of the congregations, but of the manners of the ministers. When one passes a white church he will find everything quiet, and, unless he goes to the door of the church, it will be difficult to say, whether the services are being held, unless it happens that the choir is singing. Not so with a colored church. Unless a man lives more than eight or ten squares from the church, he need not worry himself a great deal about time, for he can tell just when services begin and at what time the minister reaches about the middle of his sermon. There may be just two exceptions to this rule—the Fifteenth street Presbyterian church and St. Luke's. The other churches cannot as yet come in the line of quiet churches. The fault of much of this lies in the fact that many of the ministers are very ignorant, more ignorant than the congregation, and as a consequence the administration is necessarily heathenish and disgusting. I would not have it understood that I mean that all ministers excepting those of the two churches above-named are ignorant. On the contrary a number of them are very intelligent indeed. They are more than intelligent, they are educated and refined gentlemen—scholars, I may say. But what I *do* say and mean is that, aside from the exceptions I have named, I do not know one whose voice cannot be heard four squares off. I remember particularly one instance of this loud preaching. I was on my way to the Nineteenth-street church, eager to catch the droppings of wisdom which might fall from the lips of one of the best and most eloquent pulpit orators I ever heard. I reached the corner of K and Eighteenth-street, when my ears caught the sound of a voice. I followed it up, and after walking some time, hauled up at the Nineteenth street Baptist church. I did not enter the church, for it was not necessary. I might have heard everything on the outside. I passed by and began to wonder why our dear friend spoke so loud. He is eloquent; he is cultured. He is the most brilliant colored minister in Washington, and wields a most potent influence among both saints and sinners, yet he will talk loud—bellow like a young steer! It seems to me that if our ministers would speak a little more softly, the congregation could take in the ideas advanced with less difficulty. I have spoken of the mildest of these cases. Why, one can hear some of our ministers a distance of from ten to fifteen squares. It wont do. It the is beauty of the truths expressed, which invites the attention, not the sound of the voice.

LOUD TALKING AND LAUGHING.

BY LE DUKE.

If there is one impropriety more reprehensible than another, it is that of loud talking or uproarious laughter in the street. And this is less excusable for several reasons. In the first place we disturb the peace. In the second place we show a want of respect for those to whom we are talking; and thirdly, we show to those near us how infinitely ignorant we are. The habit of loud talking is common among colored people, and we are universally acknowledged the greatest gigglers and the most uproarious laughers. Now, if we would only stop to think just for a moment, how disgustingly silly we appear when talking as though we were endeavoring to test the theory of the habitability of the planets, or to arouse the dead, we would do less loud talking. It is pretty generally understood that colored people are physically constituted just about as the whites are, with about the same muscular tension, and the same control of the muscles of the face and throat, yet, against all reason and common sense, the colored people will ge-haw and bellow like jackdaws and oxen. There is one thing that we must learn, and that is true gentility. We should have respect for the rights of others. Frequently we can see colored men and women in the streets, who seem to quite forget that they are in a civilized community, where other folks would like to hear each other speak. They talk at the top of their voices, and fairly drown the conversation which may be going on among others around them.

They say that boisterous laughter indicates a vacant mind.

If this be so we may set it down that the mind of the colored people is one gigantic waste. Of course I am not willing to accept this theory, for often we see men and women who are actually intelligent, and not unfrequently educated, indulging in the most violent and, I may say, idiotic laughter. I think that the main trouble is in the fact that we have been so engaged in other refinements, that we have not as yet turned our attention to correcting a habit which is regarded by the whites as the best evidence of ignorance and a lack of refinement. However this may be, it is evident that we should at once begin to act appropriately when in the streets. Besides, loud talking and laughter are immodest. When we are talking to a friend we should confine our voices to such a tone as will just serve to make our auditors hear and understand us, else we might simply have our thoughts published in dodgers, and have them scattered promiscuously around. Let us be more modest. Let us, when in the street, act as though we had some control over our feelings, and not bray out like asses and mules. If we have anything to say, let us say it in a quiet manner. We can be heard just the same, and certainly we will be regarded as more civil and refined. When we are in the car, let us not be boisterous and loud-mouthed, but let us talk in a low tone, and if there is anything that excites our mirth, let us not seem as though we had been suddenly struck by a current of electric fluid, but let us laugh as though we really enjoyed it, and not as though we had been struck with paralysis of the jaw, and made to open our mouths to their utmost. In addition to this, we should avoid loud talking for policy's sake, for we are ignorant as a class, and, although it may not be our fault that we are so, yet it is not always policy to publish our own ignorance which is certainly the case when we talk too loud. By all means let us stop showing our ignorance in this manner; we will have many opportunities to do so without this means.

An honest French farmer's idea of Communism. "After all," says the friend who is explaining the subject to him, "if all the money owned in France were to be put together and equally divided, your share would be only 505 francs 35 centimes." "Well," says the honest farmer, "that with what I have already wouldn't be so bad."

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street the other day: "Dear Kup; The reason I didn't laff ween you laft ad me in the post-office yesterday was becaus I have a bile on my face, and kan't laff. If I laff she'll burst. But I luv you, Kup, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luvin Kate till death."

Annapolis Announcements.

Service at St. Philips Chapel, P. E., were held last Sunday evening, J. R. Magruder, Lay Reader.

Asbury M. E. church, 11 A. M., Rev. Dennis Hebbon, preached on the Promises of God, a very able and intereting discourse. At 7:30 P. M., Rev. J. A. Holmes, pastor, from Prov. 29, 1 v. on "Suddlen Distinctio.." The discourse was not only interesting, but solemn and impressive. The Sabbath school services are very attractive and interesting. This school numbers over 300 pupils, and is increasing very rapidly since the introduction of the Berean system.

Mrs. Oden Samuels, one of the oldest citizens in Annapolis, is lying very ill.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Luther Johnson took place at the same church at 4 P. M. January 20. Conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Holmes, assisted by Rev. J. M. Cargill, and was attended by a large concourse of people.

Rev. J. M. Cargill preached Sunday, at 11 A. M., on the the S.S. lesson—"the Power of the Tongue." He was very impressive. At 7:30 P. M. was the occasion of confirmation of a class of converts to membership. The services were very impressive. Rev. Cargill's subject, "from sin to salvation," was discussed with fine effect. The congregation was held spell-bound throughout.

Story About John B. Gough.

John B. Gough, who has faced over eight thousand audiences, acknowledges that on one occasion, and one only, he encountered embarrassment he could not overcome. It was his own fault, he says, and proved a sharp lesson he never forgot. In his own words:

I was engaged to to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn of the Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon a friend met me and said:

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you have a few?"

"No, thank you."

"Do take a half-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half a dozen in your pocket."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform an faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out-of-doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said:

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And, taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying: "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

Though I never afterward put cigars in my cap or hat on going to a meeting, I am ashamed to say it was some time after that before I gave up cigars altogether.

The Hat Wouldn't Stand It.

Billy Manning, the lamented minstrel, had an inexhaustible fund of natural wit. He was up and down in his life, sometimes worth thousands, and again flat broke. These reverses did not affect his spirits in the least; indeed, his poverty inspired in him many a happy thought. It was a habit of Manning when hearing of the death of an acquaintance, to take off his hat, and bowing very reverently, remark:

"God rest his soul."

On one occasion several of his friends entered into a conspiracy to report to him the death of some person he knew. One friend would approach him and say, "Well, Billy, George Jones is dead at last."

Manning would take off his hat and say: "God rest his soul."

Presently another friend would come along, and, according to arrangement, ask him if he had heard of the death of Smith.

After the usual expression of surprise and sorrow, off would come Manning's hat, and he would make the tearful observation "God rest his soul."

In this way he heard of the death of a dozen old friends within an hour. Manning was then playing in hard luck, and his hat was of straw and badly out of repair. Just as he had uncovered to ask rest for the soul of his twelfth departed friend, the depth and breadth of the "racket" dawned upon him. Standing there, holding his miserable straw hat by the brim, and increasing, if anything, the look of sorrow upon his face, he said:

"Now let this end right here. I don't want to hear of the death of another person. This hat won't stand it."

A Reasoning Sheep.

A New York paper relates the following story, which certainly goes far to prove that a sheep can do some close thinking: "A. H. Clark has a sheep which, during the summer, was pastured with some calves in an apple orchard adjoining the house. There were several trees in the orchard well loaded with early fruit, the trees being about six inches in diameter. One evening Mr. Clark heard considerable noise in the orchard, and upon investigation, found the sheep and calves quietly eating apples under one of the trees. In a few minutes all the apples were eaten, when to his surprise, he saw the sheep back off several yards and then butt the tree with full force, bringing down a quantity of fruit. This the animals proceeded to eat as before, and when the supply gave out the sheep replenished it again. So persistent was the sheep in his novel mode of tree-shaking that Mr. Clark was obliged to protect the tree, lest the continued butting of the bark should cause permanent injury.

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other. "Your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias, ank a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least $10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all this do me," was the tearful response, "when he never dies?" And the poor creature burst into tears.

A $200,000 Bet.

NINETEEN HUNDRED MILES ACROSS MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS BY PONY EXPRESS.

St. Joseph (Mo.) *News*: In 1859 St. Joseph was the terminus of railroad communication. Beyond, the stage-coach the saddle-horse and the ox-trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope. In the winter of 1860 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington trying to get $5,000,000 for carying the mails overland one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and William H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower-bath. He therefore offered to bet $200,000 that he could put on a mail line from Sacramento to St. Joseph that should make the distance—1950 miles—in ten days. The bet was taken and the 8th of April fixed upon as the day for starting. Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of the business upon the plains, Mr. A. B. Miller, now a citizen of Denver, and stated what he had done, and asked him if he could perform the feat. Miller replied: "Yes, sir; I will do it, and do it by a pony express." To accomplish this Mr. Miller purchased three hundred of the fleetest horses he could find in the West, and employed 125 men. Eighty of these men were to be post-riders. These he selected with reference to their light weight and their known daring courage. It was very essential that the horses should be loaded as light as possible; therefore, the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to hold one man and two horses were provided. Indians would sometime give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but poor show in their stern chase after Miller's thorough-breds, many of which could make a single mile in a minute and fifty seconds.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 8, 1860—the hour for starting—when Border Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes. The snows were deep in the mountains, and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm; and after the Salt Lake Valley was reached additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From here on all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but the rider plunged his horse into the flood, only, however, to mire in the quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore, with his mailbag in hand, and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had sixty miles to ride with six horses to do it. When the last courier arrived at the sixty-mile post, out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in and the roads were slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars might turn upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish of the longest race, for the largest stakes, ever run in America. When the time for his arrival was nearly up, at least five thousand people stood upon the river-bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood—one mile from the finish. Tick, tick, went the thousands of watches! The time was nearly up! But nearly seven minutes remained! Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled multitude. "He comes! he comes!" The noble little mare, Sylph, the daughter of little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in one minute and fifty seconds—landing upon the ferry-boat with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

Persian Insect Powder.

Every one knows that Paris green, and arsenite of copper, is a dangerous poison. There is always more or less risk in its use. Hence, those who have occasion to employ a vermifuge for ridding their plants of the Colorado beetle and some other pests, will be gratified to learn from Mr. C. V. Riley, one of the Government entomologists, and also a co-editor of the *American Naturalist*, that a safe substitute can be employed.

At Professor Riley's request, Prof. A. J. Cook, of Lansing, Mich., performed a series of interesting experiments, detailed in full in the February number of the *Naturalist*. He found that pyrethrum was death to the cabbage caterpillars, either when mixed with flour, or sprayed over them in liquid mixture. The same experiments were tried with the potato beetle with most satisfactory results. "The experiments show conclusively that this powder is fatal to the caterpillars, and that, too, in a very dilute mixture. * * * We have only to sprinkle it on the plants, though it may be necessary to make more than one application to ensure complete success. The success was better with the liquid than with flour mixture, and can be applied with greater speed and economy." During last summer many persons, the writer among the number, tried burning it to keep off mosquitoes. In our own case we found it completely effectual. Though the room had been full of the pests, in from ten to twenty minutes, not a sound could be heard. Even the blowing of the dust through the air is a preventive. Squash-bugs do not seem to be much affected, but we have found it excellent with almost all pests. Fleas decidedly object to it.

The genus *Pyrethrum* belongs to the great family of *Compositæ*, and looks much like a *Chrysanthemum* or ox-eye daisy. Indeed the two genera are hardly separable. Some of the species are now cultivated for winter daisies. The plants have bitter tonic properties, like chamomile, and their flowers are said to be offensive to bees. The root of one of them from Spain is known as "pellitory," and used as an irritant and as a relief from toothache. It is a curious fact that, while so pernicious to insects, these plants do not seem to annoy the higher animals. The dust blown in the air causes violent sneezing, but we attribute this as much to the irritation induced by fine particles as to the stimulant action of the substance itself.

"Here is a sketch," said the poet,
Unto the editor gay,
"That I tossed me off in an idle hour,
To while the time away."
"Here is a club," was the answer,
In a bland and smiling way,
"With which I frequently toss me off
Six poets in a day."

Divorces in Various Countries.

Australians.—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.

Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Javaas.—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans.—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward re-marry.

Moors.—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians.—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians.—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Corean.—The husband can divorce his wife and treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful he can put her to death.

Siamese.—The first wife may be divorced, not sold as the others may be. She then may claim the first third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic Region.—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Druse and Turkoman.—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together again without being re-married.

Cochin China.—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of choping sticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians.—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witness of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartary.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the *principal* people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce.

Chinese.—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, and too much incapacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by action of law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displease his parents.

Grecians.—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces now scarcely ever occur in modern Greece.

Hindoos.—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. When both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again.

Brigham Young's Grave.

An ill-looking stone wall about six feet high encloses an area of nearly an acre. A carriage gate, constructed of rough, unpainted boards, stood ajar, and I entered. Fully one-quarter of the enclosure is divided off by a second stone wall on one side, and in the southeast corner of the sub-enclosure Brigham Young rests in final repose. A huge slab, of granite lying flat on his grave, and a high railing of iron are all that meet the eye, save the walks and sward of the little cemetery. There is no inscription of any kind—not even his name. Outside of Brigham's personal graveyard the grounds are so shabby that they might be taken for a dumping-place for garbage. In one corner of this outer cemetery are four or five neglected graves—possibly those of his departed wives. Still another grave at that quarter is marked. At its head is an unpainted board, on which appears the name of "E. I. Young." Underneath this name some wag has plainly written with a pencil: "We are laboring for the kingdom of God, gentlemen." The Mormons pay little respect to the resting places of their dead.

What is everybody doing at the same the same time? Growing older.

A one-eyed man says he always looks at a friend's vices with his faults eye.

"Inquiring Reader" is informed that the Clearing House is not connected with the Weather Bureau.

He blowed into an old shot gun,
With derision in his laugh—
His obituary was a lovely one;
It cost $2.50.

Everything depends on definition. "My daughters," said a proud mother, "are innocence itself; you can say anything before them and they won't blush."

Even a deacon won't say grace when he steps into a railway eating house. He knows it would be asking too much to request that he be made thankful for anything he will get there.

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday, she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls so must i stand."

The New Pension Claimant.

Are you the pension claim agent
Whose name is down there on the door?
Well me name, sor, is Terrance Mc arty
And I'll put me hat down on the flure,
While I tell you me business, Tim Murphy
He's a neighbor of mine, sor, is Tim.
Has just got his pension, and I, sor,
Did the boolk of the swearing for him.

Those pensions are very convainent,
An' they're aisy to get, too, you see;
So I thought that I'd take wan meself now
An' hav' Tim do the swearin' for me,
So moiny are thryin' for pi- sions
That I thought I'd thry it a wack;
For somehow, in leppin' the bounty,
Bedad, sor, I hurted me back.

Propriety: Light-minded young thing—"Surely, Aunt Margaret, your'e not going to wear your spectacles in the water?" Aunt M.—"Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Advertisements, send for rates.

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R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, New York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—FOR RENT—810 M Street, Unfurnished back rooms, with or without board. jan19-2t.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—It has been suggested by a friend of Plymouth Congregational church that if the church will raise $350, he will give $150. It is to be hoped that the members will submit to a heavy assessment rather than permit the $150 to go by default. If each member will give $2, more than the amount would be raised to secure the $150 offered.

—The Annual Fair of the Berean Baptist church will be given this year, commencing Wednesday evening, February 20th. Several new and interesting features have been devised to make the occasion attractive and enjoyable. The public are cordially invited.

Season tickets, - - 25 Cents.
Single admission, - - 10 "
jy26-4t

—Mr. H. C. Vaughn will be married to Miss Jennie Willis on February 7th at the 19th Street Baptist church.

—The members of Saint Augustine church, and the public generally, will be glad to learn that the hour for holding vespers has been restored to 4 o'clock, beginning to-morrow afternoon.

—Rev. John H. Brooks, who has been ill for several weeks past, is improving, and it is to be hoped he may be at his post soon.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson, still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

Mrs. John L. Lacy, who was taken suddenly ill a short time since, is much better.

—The funeral of Charles H. Jones took place at the 19th Street Baptist church last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Simon lodge of Odd Fellows, 1602, attended the ceremonies, also the United Aid association. Rev. J. A. Handy, of whose church the deceased was a member, preached the funeral.

—The funeral of Mr. Benj. F. Coke took place at the residence of his parents, 920 18th street, northwest, Thursday of last week. The floral offerings from the ruling room of the Government Printing office were very fine. Rev. Walter H. Brooks officiated.

— If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Avoid a Costive Habit of Body, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender more serious consequences. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are either Laxative or Cathartic according to the dose, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

A. H. Grimke, esq., of Boston, Mass., will deliver a lecture on John C. Calhoun, at the Fifteenth-street Presbyterian church, Monday evening next, the twenty-eighth instant. Mr. G. is editor of *The Hub*, a lawyer of marked ability, and has given considerable time and thought to this subject, and comes highly recommended by Wendell Phillips and others. Ex-Gov. Long will preside. Admission, 25 cents. Lecture begins at eight.

—Miss Josephine J. Turpin reads an essay at Nineteenth-street church to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

—Mr. Normand was unceremoniously "sat down" Tuesday night, while in the act of sitting down on others.

—Mr. Tunnell made his *debut* Tuesday night.

—Gen. T. M. Chester, spent several days in our city this week. He was elected last week, at Wilmington, N. C., president of the W. W. and O. R. R.

—Monsignor Capel has dispelled many of the popular prejudices against Roman Catholicism on the part of the colored people, but we doubt very much if he has made a single proselyte.

—The concert of the Orpheus Glee Club is advertised in another column.

—The Washington Harmonic Co. sang themselves into public favor last Tuesday night.

—The marriage of Hon. Frederick Douglass to Miss Pitts, a white lady of thirty-five, up to date a clerk in his office, is the sensation of the hour.

—Mr. A. G. Hall will not sing at the Orpheus Glee Club contert, occasioned by the fact that two of the members of this club recently said, "'Nigger' papers could not do them any good, and they did not want any of their help." The gentlemen who used substantially this language were R. W. Tompkins and J. William Cole. Of course *they* will not sing before a "Nigger" audience, and it is a wonder they joined a "Nigger" club.

West Washington Notes.

The first quarterly anniversary of the S. S. Union, was held at First Baptist Church, Dunbarton ave., on Sunday Jan. 20th, 1884. Mr. Gilmore, Pres; Mr. C. C. Cargill, Act. Sec. The exercises consisted of singing and recitation by the schools. Messrs. Palmer and Dean, of Howard University, read very instructive essays, select reading by Miss Martha Wayman of Mount Zion S. S., was well rendered. A collection of $6.98 was raised and presented to the First Baptist S. S.

Rev. J. M. Cargill, of Annapolis, Md., was in our city on last Thursday. He was looking well.

Mr. John Holloway and Miss Rose Perry, of St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, are the guests of Mrs. John Lee.

Professor Mitchell delivered an able and interesting lecture on Monday eve., at Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, on the condition of the *schools* of the south.

If you practice what you preach, then go to Cornell Bazaar.

Mr. James Smith, of Boston, is in our city, the guest of Miss Jennie V. Norris.

Rev. Sam. Johnson, of Howard University, preached quite an impressive sermon on last Sunday, at Z. U. A. M. E. Mission, and Prof. Mitchell delivered a fine discourse on the Love of God.

J. V. S. A.

WHAT KATIE DID.

'Twas when I was courting Katie that the accident I am going to tell you about, happened. But for that same accident I don't think Katie and I would be man an' wife this day, for you see my father was set again' the match, Katie being only a laborer's daughter, while he himself was foreman in the mills, getting good wages, and thought a deal of by his employers. An' if it wasn't for Katie I don't think I would be here now to tell you about it, for 'twas she that saved my life, though hitting on a plan that never once came into the heads of me or my comrades—aye, or of those that you'd have thought would know better than any of us.

I was not brought up to my father's trade, having been taken, when young, by a brother of my mother's, a master bricklayer, living in the town. When my uncle died, I came home to Lisgarvan for a bit, just to see my father, and finding that they were at work on the new buildings, at the mills, I looked for employment there an' got it at once. Lisgarvan Mill is a flour mill, an' a pretty place it was in those days, with the river running just by the old red buildings, an' the big water-wheel always going round an' round.

The river falls into a larger one a little lower down, an' the tide comes up as far as the mill, so 'tis in boats that most of the corn is brought in an' the flour carried away. 'Tisn't half so pretty a place now; there are big whitewashed buildings alongside of the old brick ones; the big wheel is stopped, an' you hear the whirr of the engines, instead of the sound of the water. But they make a power of money there, and give a deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as a bricklayer. Katie's father was working there too, an' I used to see her bringing him his dinner, and after a bit I began to think that I'd like to have her bring mine, too. She was as pretty a girl then as you'd see anywhere; she's good looking to this day, an' I soon became that fond of her that I'd have done anything a'most to get her. She, herself, was willing enough; 'twas my father that made the difficulty. He was a proud man, as proud in his way as any gentleman, an' he was right down mad at the notion of my marrying a laborer's daughter. To be sure, I was earning good wages, an' might have married without asking any one's leave, if I'd a been so minded: but I didn't like to go again' the old man, that had always been good to me. Besides, Katie was just as proud as himself, an' would have nothing to say to me, unless he was satisfied. I got the master to speak to him, but sure 'twasn't a bit of use. "How would you like, sir," he says to the master, "if I had a daughter, to have Master Phillip take up with her, an' wouldn't that be the same thing?"

I believe that the master didn't think it would be all the same thing; but my father wouldn't hear reason from him any more than from me; so Katie and I had just nothing for it but to wait in the hope of his coming around, an' very little hope we had of that same.

As we were putting up a steam engine in the mill, we had of course to have a big chimney, an' we got a man down from town to build it, one of them chaps that builds chimneys and nothing else, an thinks nobody knows anything about it but themselves. I was working along with him, and indeed 'twas I that built most of it, an' a right good job it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas, ten years ago this Christmas coming on, all but the lightning conductor, and that was not put up owing to the master's wanting to make inquiries when he'd go to London, an' to see for himself what would be the best kind to use. The master was a scientific sort of a gentleman, and had ideas of his own; sometimes they'd be better than other people's sometimes maybe not so good. At any rate, there was a delay about the conductor an' in the meantime the engines were at work, an' the big chimney was smoking away like blazes. Mr. Brown, the strange workman, had gone away, saying, very condescending like, that he was sure Jim Ford (that was me) would be able to fasten the rod to the chimney as well as he could do it himself. He took all his scaffolding with him, but before he went away he fixed a beam with a pulley in it into the top of the chimney, an' left a long rope hanging through it, so that a man could be hoisted up at any time; an' there the rope hung dangling, week after week, until the master came home, bringing the rod along with him.

Once it had come, there was no good losing any more time in fixing it, so one Saturday in January, up I went on a plank, slung securely at the end of the rope, my tools along with me, an' settled myself astride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather late in the day, but the morning had been too wet an' stormy to work, an' the master was as impatient to get the job done as if it hadn't been himself that was hindering it all this time. I was as much at home atop of the chimney as I was on the ground, an' I worked on without once looking down until my job was finished an' I was putting up my tools. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a rattling noise, an' looking over, I see the plank going down very fast. I called out, "Hullo, there! send that up again, will you?" but the only answer I got was a loud laugh, for all the world like silly Jerry the natural's; and sure enough, there he was, standing by the windlass, jumping an' clapping his hands. I looked about for the man whose business it was to manage the windlass, but not a sign of him was there, an' in a minute I heard the rattling of the pulley again, an' saw that the rope was running through it in the wrong direction. I made a grab at it, but 'twas jerked out of hand, an' before I could catch it again the end had slipped through, an' there I was, more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, an' Jerry dancing an' capering below, calling out, "Come down and thrash me now, Mr. Ford, won't you?" Then I remembered very distinctly that a few days before I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seemed he remembered the blow, and took this way of being revenged.

Well, at first I was scarcely frightened, expecting somehow that, once the people below knew of the fix I was in, they'd find some way or other of getting me out of it. But when I come to think of it, deuce a bit of a way could I hit on myself, an' sure I knew more about chimneys than any one else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too; there wouldn't be much more than another half-hour of daylight, an' the wind was raising—I could hear the whistling through the trees.

By this time the people knew what had happened, an' a crowd was collecting; I could see them coming from all parts, for of course I had a view all about. I saw a boy go up to the door of the counting house, and presently Master Philip came out running as if for his life. When he came he took the command like, and began giving directions; an' the people who had only stared at first, now ran here and there as he sent them. First they brought out a long ladder, an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney. I could have told them that 'twas too short, knowing as I did the length of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine. It seemed as if the voices went up like smoke. Then there was a great delay while they went for a longer ladder, 'an this, too, didn't reach halfway. A man climbed up it, however, an' called out to know had I a bit of string in my pocket that I could let down. Not a bit could I find, I had had a big ball only the day before, but I had taken it out of my pocket an' put it on a shelf at home. I took off my braces an' fastened them an' my pocket-handkerchief together; but they didn't near reach the top of the ladder, so that plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising an' was getting numb with the cold, an' stiff an' cramped from being so long in one position. There was a big clock right over the gateway, just opposite, and I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes of five; it would be nearly dark at five, an' once the darkness set in, what little hope I had would then be gone.

Master Phillip seemed to have gone away by this time, but there was my father, among the crowd, an' who should I see standing next him an' holding on by his arm, but Katie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, an' he seemed to be talking to her, an' comforting her.

After a bit, I saw Master Phillip again: he had a big thing in his hand looking like pocket-handkerchiefs, stretched over a frame, an' I saw that they meant to send a string up to me in that way. But, you never, in all your life, saw such an unmanageable kite. First, 'twas too heavy, an' then 'twas too light, and then the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it! I heard after, that part of that same tail was made of bank notes Master Phillip took out of his pocket, when he could get nothing else quick enough. He got them all back later, for not a man, woman or child in the place would have touched one of them when they saw him using them in such a way.

When the kite did go up at last, the wind was so high that they could not manage it properly. It came near me once, an I made a snatch at the string, nearly overreaching myself in doing so; but I missed it, an' just then there came a terrible gust of wind, the string broke, an' the kite was carried away, an' stuck fast in the branches of a big tree, behind the master's house. I looked over at the clock, to see how much time was left me, an' I found that I could not see the hands any longer, the darkness had come on in the last few minutes. Then, I gave up all hope, for I knew I could never hold on till morning. I tried to think of death, an' to make myself ready for it, but I couldn't—not a prayer or good word could I call to mind only going over an' over again in my head the way t'would all happen—how the people would go away, one by one; how I'd be left all alone in the darkness an' howling wind, an' how, at last, I'd not be able to hold on any longer, an' fall, an' be found in the morning, all crushed out of shape.

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A pair of very chubby legs,
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes,
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as mother can—
And lo! before us strides in state
The future's "coming man."

A pair of laughing, deep blue eyes,
A wealth of ringlets brown,
With air coquettish as a queen,
The belle of all the town;
A dimpled chin and blushing cheek,
Lips red and teeth of pearl,
And lo! before us sly and meek
We've the future's "coming girl."

Pool Your Kitchens.

The waste of room in separate kitchens alone for small families is enormous. In the ordinary flat-floor one-fourth the space is occupied for kitchen purposes. In this is performed the cooking, say for three or four people. This same kitchen affords sufficient space to cook for twenty people, and one cook could do the work.

Some one must do the catering for the family, be it ever so small. One person can buy provisions for forty as quickly as for four—and cheaper. The landlord of a great hotel goes to market at an early morning hour, and does not consume so much time in buying for 500 people as does the housewife in buying a couple of dollars' worth.

A glance at any of our groceries shows an immense variety of prepared food, requiring the mere process of warming to be fit for the table. Our groceries, in fact, are fast becoming a species of restaurants for the sale in packages of cooked foods, such as soups, meats, corn, peas, baked beans, canned salmon, codfish balls, plum pudding—indeed, one-third at least of articles of daily consuption.

Cannot all these facts suggest the possibility of serving a number of families in the same block or building with food at a rate increased only by such compensation as is necessary for a carterer, a cook, and assistants?

If the wholesale grocer can cook his beef, pork, chicken, turkey and vegetables, put them in a vessel and sell them at a cheaper rate than they cost at retail in market, why cannot the carrying out of the same principle put these same things cooked on our tables at a cost but a trifle above wholesale prices of the articles procured fresh from market? And also at least one-third less than is paid for them at the first-class restaurant?

Every block of houses in a city might, if properly organized, become in this mere matter of food furnishing, a club house, where the cost of the edibles should be limited by the first price and cost of preparation. The block could be heated by a single furnace, and the cooking performed in a single central kitchen. There would be no buying of coal in dribbles, no hiring of help to bring it to top floors, no constant perplexities with thirty or forty separate cooks, good, bad and indifferent, and the best culinary talent could be employed. The time occupied in private family buying would be saved and the expenses lessened. By means of elevators and architectural appliances each family could easily be served as in any club house.

If the cost of living can be lessened by such a different ordering and systematization of the catering and cooking, is it not worthy the serious attention of that portion of the community who have discovered that life involves many other positions and duties than those pertaining to the landlords and ladies of our numerous small family hotels, and that many women are far better fitted for the discharge of such other necessary duties than those of petty landladies?—*New York Graphic.*

A Truthful Man.

A flat-footed, old-fashioned western merchant, hailing from a country store in Michigan, was buying stock in New York, and the firm took advantage of the occasion to make inquiries concerning some of their customers around him. When they asked about Smith, of Cashville, he replied:

"Smith? Yes, he's in trade yit, but he's just married a second wife, and she's going through his wealth like saltpetre. He'll fail in less'n six months."

"How about Jones, of your town?"

"Jones? Well, Jones is pegging along after the old style, and he's bought him a bicycle, and everybody says he'll go to the wall in less than a year."

"And Brown & Son—are they all right?"

"Brown & Son? Wall, they may keep along till spring, but I doubt it. Old Brown has got so nigh-sighted that he can't tell a sheep pelt from a coon skin, and the boy is dead struck on a widow woman who never wears anything less than six dollar stockings."

"But Davis is doing a good trade, isn't he?"

"Davis? Wall pooty fair, but he won't last. He rented the upper part his store to a Chicago milliner, and she broke up two families and caned a preacher. Everybody blames Davis, and his sales last week only footed up a pound of saleratus and a washboard."

"Well, you are one of our customers out there, and of course you are all right?"

"Me? Wall, I'm all right just now, but things may change. My wife belongs to three literary societies, and is the big toad at church festivals, while I've bought a 2:40 trotter and learned to play ole sledge. You needn't be surprised any day to hear I have been busted from garret to cellar; so clean that creditors can't find enough dry goods to wipe a baby's nose on."

How Congress Passes a Bill.

One branch of Congress passes a bill and sends it to the other. If the latter adopts it precisely as it passed, it then goes to the President for his approval. But if the bill is amended or changed on its passage in other branch, it is sent back with such changes to the House in which it originated. If these amendments are there adopted, it then goes to the President; but if not adopted, or only adopted in part, it comes back again to the second branch, where the vote is to recede from the amendments or to insist upon them. If the body insists, then a Committee of Conference is appointed, and notice being given to the other House, a like committee is appointed, and these two committees meet. If they agree on a report, the bill as reported is voted on again in each House. If they disagree, each reports, and sometimes a new committee is appointed, and sometimes the bill fails. But if it passes both Houses, then the President signs it if he approves; if he disapproves, he returns it within ten days to the House in which it originated, with his objections. If that House passes it again by a two-thirds vote, it goes to the other branch of Congress, and if it passes there by a two-thirds vote, it becomes a law. There is no arbiter between any of the parties.

What Some Coins are Worth.

The silver dollar of 1794, showing a female head with flowing hair, is worth $15. The silver dollar of 1804 is worth $200 to $700. The silver dollar of 1838 is worth $15. The half dollars of 1794 are worth $25; of 1796, $50; of 1797, $10; of 1836, with milled edge, $2. An original half dollar struck by the Confederate states in 1861 is worth $200. The quarter dollar of 1796 is worth $1; of 1823 and 1827, $15; of 1853, 50 cents. The twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are worth $1.50 each. The dimes of 1796 are worth 50 cents; of 1797, 1798, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804, are worth one dollar each. In some cases there have been different issues of the same coin in the same year. One issue may be a rarity, and the other issue may be plentiful. The only way to determine the value is to see what a piece will sell for. Of half-dimes, an issue of 1794 is worth $1; of 1796, 1797, 1803 and 1805, $1 each. The most valuable half-dime is of the issue of 1802, which is worth $12.75. Three-cent silver pieces from 1863 to 1868 are worth 25 cents each. Those of 1873 are worth 60 cents.

Shut Your Mouth.

Madam Cappiani in the *Boston Musical Record*: "The fact that most people cannot find out how to breathe naturally, or, what is worse, are erroneously taught to breathe in a manner as unnatural as possible, induced me to write this article.

My intention is to render a service not only to vocal aspirants, but also to people outside vocal departments, such as those who become exhausted in climbing stairs, etc. Breathing consists of two actions, inspiration and expiration. The first is the provision of

AIR FOR THE LUNGS;

the second is the constructor of sound in talking, laughing or singing. The less effort made in filling the lungs with air, the more is a singer capable of economizing the breath for long phrases and grand, broad style. Raising the shoulders in breathing is bad, and not of any profit, as the elasticity of the lobes of the lungs cannot resist the pressure of the muscular and bony parts of the thorax, and air is exhaled with the same force and velocity with which it is inhaled. Audible breathing is as disagreeable to the listener as it is injurious to the throat itself. To learn how to breathe, we have only to observe ourselves when we are awakening from sleep in the attitude of entire rest. Breathing through the mouth during sleep produces not only that very inharmonious snoring, but also allows impure air to come directly in contact with our lungs, giving rise to diseases of those organs.

AIR MAY CAUSE DECAY,

while water preserves. As an example I can mention the large stone palaces in Venice, which are decaying, although the logs in the water upon which the palaces are built are augmenting in value and strength every year. From this we might conclude that, if it were possible to keep the air out of the mouth by keeping water in it, dentists would be forced to abandon their profession, as perfectly sound teeth would be the result. Dr. Louis Elsberg, professor of the University Medical College of New York, and specialist in diseases of the throat, in a late work of his, referred to George Catlin, the celebrated traveler among American Indians, who says: he "became so thoroughly convinced that the difference between the healthy condition and physical perfection of these people in their primitive state, especially their sound teeth and good lungs, and the deplorable mortality, the numerous diseases and deformities in civilized communities, is mainly due to the habit, common among the latter, of

BREATHING THROUGH THE MOUTH,

especially during sleep, that he wrote a book, entitled 'Malrespiration, and its effects upon the Enjoyments and Life of Man.'" In this book he says: "If I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto which human language can convey, it should be in three words: 'Shut your mouth!' In the social transactions of life this might have its beneficial results as the most cautionary advice, or be received as the grossest of insults; but where I would print and engrave it, in every nursery and on every bedpost in the universe, its meaning would not be mistaken, and if observed, its importance would be realized."

He insists that mothers should be looked to as the first and principal correctors of this most destructive of human habits. Sleeping with open mouth produces weakness of the lungs, bronchitis asthma, indigestion and other affections of the digestive and respiratory organs. The correction of this habit is

A PANACEA FOR THESE ILLS.

He also says: "It is one of the misfortunes of civilization that it has too many amusing and exciting things for the mouth to say, and too many delicious things for it to taste to allow of its being closed during the day. The mouth, therefore, has too little reserve for the protection of its natural purity of expression, and too much exposure for the protection of its garniture, but do keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when walking, running, jumping, riding, and by all means when you are angry."

Nobody will deny an improvement in healt and enjoyment by paying even temporary attention to this advice. While you keep your mouth closed the air has to pass through your nose, and the abdominal muscles expand to give space for the air by relaxation of the diaphragm. This is called abdominal breathing. I have often heard this erroneously termed breathing through the stomach, which is a false impression. The stomach has not anything to do with it. In lowering the diaphragm the air cells of the lungs have ample field to expand freely with air, and by that process the duration of the breath is greater, as a large quantity of air is allowed to enter. People who are not vocalists generally make use for respiration of the upper part (or apex) of their lungs only. Here advice for climbing stairs will not be out of place. The following rule may be adopted: During the inspiration (slowly through the nose) take three or four steps, then two steps during expiration, repeating this until you have reached the top of the stairway. You

WILL NOT FEEL EXHAUSTED,

as the weight of your body is lessened by this symmetrical filling of the lungs with air, which counterbalances the pressure of external air. This can also be applied in walking over hills and mountains. The breathing through the pores of the skin, which is quite important, is improved by frequent baths. We have learned from the Romans and Greeks that this was an important subject to them, as evidenced by the ruins of their luxuriant baths. Plinius discovered springs and built baths wherever he traveled.

DEATH HAS BEEN CAUSED

to human beings by closing the pores of the skin. Proofs may be found in the fact that in a triumphal procession in Rome, a boy whose body was gilded—with mouth and nose free—to represent an angel, died a few hours after. When people do not pay any attention to their own organism, one cannot wonder at their mistakes.

I really suffered when reading in a Boston paper that Jenny Lind, the world-renowned artist ("the Swedish Nightingale,") at a lecture in London, at which she made some remarks, exposed her lack of knowledge and observation as to the manner in which she produced long sustained notes, asserting that she 'took her breath away from the chest." In saying this she is greatly mistaken, but she was not conscious of the way she managed her breath. She could not, as it were, analyze the cause producing such results, much less, therefore offer an explanation thereto, yet this instinct which Heaven has so blest her has extricated from other lifelong years to acquire. It won for her the well-merited title

"QUEEN OF SONGSTRESSES."

We have only to look upon a new-born child, and observe the process of abdominal rising and falling on account of air passing through the nose. Suffocation would ensue were the nostrils closed. Time alone admits of its learning that which singers have to do (especially in German compositions, which seldom afford comfortable breathing,) namely, the introduction of air into the lungs through the mouth by depressing the tongue.

The new rules for playing base ball remove the pitcher five feet further from the batter. This is not to prevent the pitcher from getting "broke up" but for the sole and only purpose of allowing the batter to spread to advantage.

Little Dunce (looking up suddenly from her history book)—"Oh, mamma darling, I do so wish I'd lived under James II!" Mamma—"Why?" Little Dunce—"Because I see here that education was very much neglected in his reign."

Three red-haired men walked solemnly into a Main street saloon and stood before the bar. "Hello!" said the bar-keeper in a tone of interest; "who's elected? Oh, I beg pardon," he added, "I thought it was a torch-light procession."

"Is this my train?" asked a traveler. "I don't know, but I guess not," was the doubtful reply. "I see it has got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

"Do you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church declared that "when she saw the shawls of those Smiths, and then thought of the things that her poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

It seemed rather unkind in the pastor of a church, after the choir had finished what they considered a splendid musical performance, to begin reading from the Bible in the twentieth chapter of Acts, the chosen passage beginning, "And after the uproar had ceased."

"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept."

There is a judge in Galveston whose head is as bald as that of an American eagle. A little boy living next door has got into his head that lack of hair is inseparably connected with the title of judge; consequently, when a lawyer, whose head is densely covered with hair, called and was addressed as "Judge," little Tommy shook his head and said: "You ain't no judge; can't fool me." "Why am I no judge?" "Coz yer hair ain't parted wide enough," was the guileless reply.

Saving Time.

The *Rural World* says there are a great many housekeepers who do not know the value of saving steps, either for themselves or others; that is, making ten steps do the work of twenty. They will make a half-dozen separate journeys for as many different articles, when one would have answered every purpose. For instance, in getting dinner, some women will make a separate journey to the cellar for potatoes, meat and bread. Now once going would do every bit as well, and save a dozen aches and pains. If you are going for potatoes take along a knife, and cut the meat you are going to want, and a plate for the bread, and save yourself or some one else the task of going again within twenty minutes.

In setting the table observe the same rule. Notice and see what articles you can carry conveniently at the same time. You can as easily carry plates, saucers and cups at once, as you can to go three times. If you pass the woodpile, stop and take in a few sticks with you. In short, keep your eyes open to this one idea for a few days. You will see a hundred ways in which steps can be saved, and your own strength be kept for other duties. Another thing is to take the easiest way every time. It pays in the long run.

No woman has strength that she can afford to lose. And don't crowd the work of a week into one day. We are apt to act as if "to-day" was the last day we were ever going to have in which to do anything. Nine women out of ten waste more strength, and time too, in the end—for poor, tired humanity has got to rest sometime—by rushing headlong into their work. They give themselves no time for rest of body or soul, and sooner or later they must break down under the heavy burden of daily duties; small tasks in themselves perhaps, but the more wearing and galling for their very minuteness and seeming needlessness.

HABITS.—Boys did you ever think much about habits, good habits, bad habits, and every other kind of habits? If not, now is the time to commence. Habit grows just as it is cultivated, let it be good or bad, with the exception that evil habits are more easily matured, from the fact that the disposition is more inclined to evil than to good. The root of habit is found making its way through the disposition of the true and noble boy and girl, little at a time, seemingly in fear of losing its footing—inch by inch it feels its way, while the innocent boy or girl is suspecting no harm—finally it secures a strong footing, and then through the taste or appetite whispers, I have you, you are mine, extract yourself if you can. Thus the lives of many true and noble men and women have been destroyed.

Food and Drink for Children.

Dinner for children should always be early; and about this let me remark that if beef or mutton be given, both of which, whether boiled or roasted, are highly nutritious, it should be cut up very finely, or even minced, and the child should be taught to eat very slowly, and to masticate the food well. Children's food, like that of grown-up people, ought to be varied; change is always agreeable, and conducive to good digestion. I like to see children sit down to a good dinner, and I delight to see them enjoy it, but hurrying over meals—and they are greatly prone to this—should always be discouraged, while, on the other hand, nothing indigestible should be placed before them. Game of various kinds, as well as fowl, pigeon, and rabbit, make a very fine change, and so does white fish, with the exception of herring and mackerel, or any other strong-tasted or oily fish. Although a little salt should always be sprinkled over a child's food, he should not be permitted to eat salted provisions of any kind, nor any indigestible food, as pork, goose, or even duck, and turkey should be given but sparingly. The stuffing generally used with the latter is very likely to produce a fit of indigestion if given to a child. There are vegetables that a child may eat, and others that he ought not to partake of; potatoes, for example, turnips, and roots generally, are very wholsome, but cabbage and greens are provocative of internal disturbance. Even potatoes, turnips, and parsnips, however, should be mashed. And here let me give a word of warning; they ought not to be mashed on the plate with the back of a fork; they will be lumpy if they are. The mashing ought to be complete and thorough. Puddings of sago, rice, or semolina, or even corn flour, should always form a part of the child's dinner, and suet dumpling, if eaten with syrup, makes a very nice change.

What should a child drink? Milk or water, with meals, or a very little tea or coffee well diluted with milk. Cocoa is most nourishing; I cannot indeed, speak too highly in its praise. As to beer or wines, I should say never under any circumstances allow a child to partake of them, except under the orders or sanction of a medical man. The supper should be early, say six o'clock, and may be light pudding of any kind, porridge and milk, or bread and butter with milk-diluted tea. Children live fast, and be it remembered that they require more food in comparison to their size than grown-up people do, for they have not only to repair the waste of tissue, but to build and feed bone and nerve and muscle. Even between meals, therefore, if occasion demands it, do not deny them a crust of bread.

There is little need of physic where children are well cared for, well clothed, and well fed. If a laxative be needed, either a teaspoonful of magnesia may be mixed in the pap, or little fluid magnesia administered; but remember that magnesia too often given is apt to form concretions of a dangerous character. Castor-oil warmed, so as to make it run easy, is sometimes good, the only objection to its administration being that force is required, and I know by experience that a child will sometimes struggle so against swallowing medicine as to cause itself mischief. Syrup of rhubarb is another harmless aperient, and one which will not weaken the child; but after all, the less medicine you give the better, unless the child be actually fevered, and then it is time to send for the doctor.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The First Casting of Iron

Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, Eng., conceived the idea that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd-boy named John Thomas had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distant relative. While looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workmen, he said to Abraham Darby that he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect molds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful; and from 1709 to 1822 the family of Thomas were confidential and much-valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hundred years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mold of fine sand contained in frames and with air-holes, the same process was practiced and kept secret at Colebrook Dale with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

Coal Tar.

Every day adds to the high appreciation of this wonderful material for various farm uses. Dry lumber coated with it becomes almost imperishable, but its most remarkable effects are upon green lumber. The increased value of wood seasoned in a sheltered place or coated with oil, has long been known. Timber for places requiring the greatest strength and durability is prepared in this way. Every one knows the worthless character of poplar dried in the open air; but poplar seasoned under shelter is valuable wood. The effect of coal tar is better than housing and many coats of oil; it excludes air and water, and the wood becomes like iron. Its remarkable preservative properties and its extreme cheapness are in favor. One barrel, costing two or three dollars, will coat the posts for more than one mile of fence, or would cover nearly all the out-buildings on a common farm.

A Long Riddle.

A young Bible-student was asked: "How many boys are there in your class?"

He replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharoah, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subsract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer.

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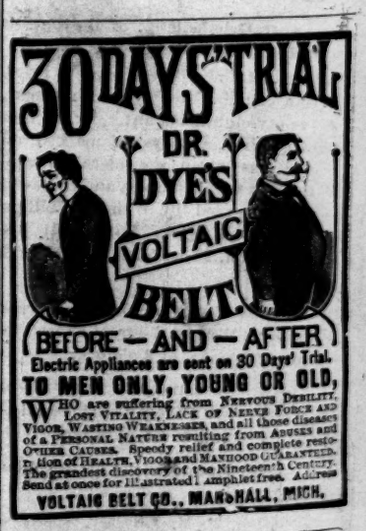
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